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"INDIVIDUAL FUSION."

WITH somewhat cryptic utterance the trio composed of Fire Commissioner Johnson, Jacob Schiff and Henry Clews fare forth to fuse for themselves. Having failed in a desperate effort to induce Mr. McAneny to help out their design of injecting a third candidate into the campaign, they gave it up and resolved the Gaynor Fusion and Nominating Committee into its constituent elements. But, said Commissioner Johnson, "All of us are now left free to make our individual fusion, and few of us will have any trouble in making it."

Was this meant to make anybody shudder? Honest followers of the late Mayor are proving by a wholesale movement to the support of Mr. Mitchell that the only kind of fusion they know is the fusion that has a fighting chance to beat Charles F. Murphy and his candidate.

Is that the Johnsonian notion of fusion or will the members of this trio spring some new dodge of "individual fusion" that will administer a fresh tweak to that torn and tortured term?

Canada may stand for the "sudden removal" of a dangerous fugitive murderer, but law in the United States can't abide anything sudden.

CANDID VIEWS OF THE ARMY.

"L OAFERS" was not the word which Congressman Sherwood, of Ohio, used to describe the standing army. "Idlers" and "parasites on the body politic" was all he called them. Anybody can see the difference. Just the same, the Congressman favors chopping \$75,000,000 off the army appropriations and giving it in the form of salaries "to the men and women who are producers and who do the work of the Government."

Meanwhile Secretary of War Garrison, returning from an inspection tour in the West, announces that he finds the army "in what may candidly be regarded as a first-class condition," and that he was "everywhere pleased with the bearing of officers and men and the spirit shown by them." "The army was never in a more thorough state of readiness for action than it is now." And the Secretary recommends a three-year enlistment term that will enable young men who intend to settle down in a civil career to get at least a few years of military training that will add to the reserve military strength of the nation.

It is a mistake to condemn the army wholesale because of certain pitiful exhibitions of incompetence on the part of so-called army experts at manoeuvres and elsewhere. Nobody has forgotten how the Connecticut manoeuvres of the militia a year ago last month went to pieces under the direction of regular army sharpshooters. Scanty mule transport, overloaded wagons and bad planning deprived men and horses of proper food, while the army officers camped with comfort and even luxury. In spite of all hardships, however, the great body of the militia worked hard and well.

It is much the same with the army. Anybody looking for idlers will not find the best or most numerous specimens among the rank and file. The incompetents and the parasites flourish amid gold lace and bureaucracy. Any overhauling of the army and its bills ought to begin with the top layers.

A Massachusetts man wants to declare war on merchants who advertise on country billboards because, he says, the latter drive away the motorists who come to see the beautiful scenery. Surely a better plan would be to wait until all the motorists are driven away, then take down the boards and give the beautiful scenery a real chance.

BLAME THE TELEPHONE.

TELEPHONING is as low as turkey trotting on the scale of moral influence, according to a North Carolina judge, because "boys and girls say things to each other over the phone that they would not say if they had to speak face to face." Also, declares the judge, the telephone tempts people to order things they don't need from the shops and so increases their bills and leads to extravagance.

Maybe. But by the same token mustn't we condemn the telegraph, the trolley, the automobile and a thousand and one other things that although made to do good can readily be pressed into the service of sin? Have we elaborated and complicated life only to find ourselves too cowardly to face the consequences? Man makes but a sorry figure when he begins to malign his best inventions in order to turn them into excuses for the natural cussedness that is in him.

Sept. 17, 1862—The Battle of Antietam.

Letters from the People

The Train Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The following "Train Problem" represents the longer train by A and the other by B.
Let x = the number of seconds that will elapse after the trains meet until they are clear of each other.

A goes 50 miles per hour, or $\frac{220}{3}$ yards per second.
B goes 30 miles per hour, or $\frac{44}{3}$ yards per second.

$xx + \frac{220}{3} =$ distance A will travel after it meets train B, until it is clear of it.

$xx + \frac{44}{3} =$ distance train B will travel after it meets train A, until it is clear of it.

After the trains meet, until they are clear of each other, they will, together have traveled 770 yards (the sum of their lengths).

$xx + \frac{220}{3} + xx + \frac{44}{3} =$ the sum of the distances trains A and B travel is also 770 yards; therefore $xx + \frac{220}{3} + xx + \frac{44}{3} = 770$.

Solving: $x = 10\frac{1}{2}$ or 10.5 seconds will elapse after the trains meet until they are clear of each other.

The solution of the second problem is as follows:
Let x = the number of minutes that will elapse before the train catches up.

One train goes 5-6 miles per minute, the other 3-6 miles per minute.

$xx + \frac{1}{6} =$ distance A will travel after it meets train B, until it is clear of it.

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Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten

ACCORDING TO SOME PROFESSORS THE MAJORITY OF WOMEN WERE BEARDED IN THE EARLY DAYS— (NEWS ITEM)



SMILING AT MISFORTUNE.

Do You Take Your Troubles Seriously?

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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"LAUGH AT misfortune," said Dr. W. McDougall of Oxford, before the stern, serious-minded scientists assembled in Birmingham, England.

"But laughter is a provision whereby a mass of minor suffering, which would otherwise depress humanity, is turned into a stimulant, promoting well-being," he says.

This learned professor further urges that if everybody would actually display a sense of mirth and take such a view of their own and other people's troubles, this tendency would alleviate exaggeration of trials and afflictions, if not eventually remove them.

While a man can't very well be happy over losing his job, yet to plunge into deep grief over the INEVITABLE and things that are PAST never got anybody anything but wrinkles and gray hair and bent shoulders and a little "amen corner" for themselves.

But laughter is an UNPAIDABLE asset. It always draws. It is the ONE human element that we are born with, though many of us try to smother it with tones of sorrow in its place. The noted scientist had evidently studied the human in summing up his broad statement.

There are two kinds of trouble—the kind you have and the kind you haven't. There are but few of the first sort, but of the second there is no end. For as a wise old man said, "I am an old man. I have had many troubles, but most of them never happened." The funny thing about trouble is that there is no joy keener than taking a trouble by the tail and flinging it into the back yard. A man who has no so-called troubles never has anything.

Troubles are a manifestation that nature wants you to get busy and do something. The energy you WASTE on worry over troubles drains the vitality and makes you less fit for the fray. It multiplies the drug stores and enables the patent medicine folk to live on Fifth avenue.

Troubles, the tempest in the teapot, should be "settled" speedily so that each may have his cup of life more clear. And if mirth will do it, on with the laugh.

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CONQUESTS OF CONSTANCE.

By Alma Woodward.

THE DEAD BEAT.

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"T HAT'S puttin' in a new suit upstairs in th' hotel," Connie told me, eagerly. "They're engagin' nothin' but dark-haired sawed-off dames for maid an' dressin' 'em all in gray—even suede slippers to match. An' I see a handkerchief, far aprons. An' they've opened a trainin' school for 'em in th' basement to learn 'em how to speak English with a broken accent. Although broken French is preferred, anything broken enough goes! Well, gee! to hear some uv them Swedes tryin' to be Paris in better'n any burlesque show I ever seen. An' I'm wonderin' what they're goin' to do when they run up against a REAL foreigner what's inquisitive about their nationality? Most uv 'em I'd have to answer 'Third avenue, thinned with French chef.' 'Cause they ARE usin' th' chef fer th' school—doublet in the brass, as it were!"

"But th' alra they give therselves! It'll be all right as long as everything is calm an' peaceful. But just wait until times when uv poor dubs down here is goin' to be able to give 'em th' ha-ha-ha, chie Parisiennes frum th' Fourth Ward."

"You've got a nasty disposition, Constance," I scolded.

"Aw, well, it gives me a pain in th' neck to see them rounthecks polish up their lugs. Gee, when most uv 'em'd be more at home tendin' the furnace an' luggin' coal. But some people is born lucky an' has things handed 'em. I knew a gink like that once. He wuz th' original an' lastin' deadbeat. So much so that he didn't make no secret uv it—it wuz his business. Introduced him to me when we wuz troppin' at a swell joint down in th' Porties one night. He wuz trapped up like a circus horse, with velvet trimmin' on his clothes an' moonstones dotted all over him, an' white silk socks with his monogram on 'em, an' a little buckskin an' evenin' he wuz th' centre uv lots uv crowds, all buyin' champagne, but I noticed he never bought once. An' yet every one kep' pressin' it on him like it wuz reduced to a nickel a bottle. An' I thought maybe he wuz some 'n'—a meeb-e-muck travellin' in magsin'—

"An', by golly! I seen him work it right before my eyes lots uv times. He'd just float up to a table where they wuz tryin' to consume th' vintage of one certain an' entire year, an' he'd snap his fingers as if to call th' waiter (always takin' good care that th' waiter wuz in th' kitchen at th' time). Then every one at th' table'd jump on th' man an' ask 'em for somethin', an' before he had a 'chance to ask a second time they wuz urg'n' their family alive to take it, 'cause they knew their dear mother would 'n' wished it so!"

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